

With the First Nighters

"THE YELLOW TICKET"

Coming to the Salt Lake theatre Thursday for three nights and Saturday matinee, is Michael Morton's drama of life in modern Russia—"The Yellow Ticket," which is under the management of A. H. Woods, who promises a splendid cast and fine production. Realizing that this is the play which was selected by Mr. Woods to replace "Within the Law" at the Eltinge in New York, it augurs well for the quality of the play—If any further augury is necessary in the metropolis.

The story of "The Yellow Ticket" has to do with the persecution of a young Jewess, "Marya Varenka," by the Russian secret police. In the first act Marya appears as companion to the daughter of an Englishman named Seaton. The scene is the Seaton apartments in the Hotel d'Europe. To this place Marya is tracked by a police spy, "Petrov Paviak," who denounces her to her employer as the possessor of a Yellow Ticket, which is Russia's license to the social outcast. When her employer demands to know if it is true that she holds the Yellow Ticket, Marya is forced to admit it, while, at the same time, disclaiming guilt, and explaining the circumstances in a pathetic story.

It appears that her father on his way home from America, has met with an accident in St. Petersburg. He is dying, and in order to reach his bedside, Marya is forced to apply for the only passport allowed her, because of her race, the Yellow Ticket. With this badge of a terrible calling in her possession, Marya is enabled to leave the "pale of settlement" in her native village. She journeys to St. Petersburg—receives the blessing of her dying father, and is prepared to return to her village when she learns of her mother's death. She applies for a position as companion, and obtains it. The police discover that she is earning a living honestly—they send for her and tell her that the yellow ticket requires that she follow the profession to which it accords protection. Then begins her effort to elude the vigilance of the police. Baron Andrey, the head of the secret police, has seen Marya at the home of the Seaton, where he is a visitor. When she is denounced by the spy in his presence, he promises to protect her from the police, exacting from her a promise in return—that she shall visit him in his rooms in order to receive a special passport. Act second shows the drawing room in Byzantine style, of the vicious nobleman, who awaits his victim, and in lieu of the passport, insults her, and offers the coveted document as the price of her honor. Marya repulses him and a tragedy ensues. Act third shows the bureau of the "Okhrana"; Marya is about to be deported for life to Siberia; she is befriended by a young American newspaper man, Julian Rolfe, who has fallen in love with her; there is an ingenious finish to the play which is tense throughout three acts, and which touches fearlessly and without prejudices upon a curious and almost incredible condition of affairs in the empire off the czar.

ORPHEUM.

Except during a couple of intervals in which Walter S. ("Rube") Dickinson appears and George White and Isabelle Jansen dance, there is an odor like something rotten over at the Orpheum after several weeks of very good vaudeville. "Rube" Dickinson is always welcome. He has some of the quaintest comedy on the stage and his own creation, "The Ex-Justice of the Peace," is replete with real humor. Mr. White and Miss Jansen

give a most artistic performance, the work of the latter being particularly pleasing, though Mr. White's footwork is quite remarkable. That they have not been more appreciated is probably found in the fact that there have been so many exponents of modern dances seen at the house this season.

After the mechanical orchestra gets through with a little concert, and a picture is pulled, Libby and Barton are seen in some old bicycle turns fairly well done. Their act is called "Thrills and Fun on Tires," but might just as well be styled tiring thrills, sans fun. Big Tim McGuire is noticeable principally on account of the courage he displays in trying to put his stuff across, though Wee Freddie Lynch, who is with him, can play several instruments very well. Frank North and company (the company consisting of a man and woman who are even worse than North), must realize that the American public is quite fond of cheese as now and then they were vigorously applauded. Their act is impossible. The "Three Beautiful Types" gave an exhibition which at times was crude enough for a honky-tonk, though one or two of the color effects might have been worth seeing if the models had not eaten so heartily during their stage careers. Part of the exhibition is positively vulgar. Martin Von Bergen billed as "The Boy From Kansas," is a peculiar individual who opens his act with a modified version of "Frankie and Johnny Were Sweethearts," which in itself is indicative of the caliber and character of his act. In the sum-up, the Orpheum show arrived with the first real frost of the year and seems to be vying with it in activity.

EMPRESS

The city commission ought to appoint a board of censorship if the Empress performances continue to include acts so coarse as some of those comprising this week's bill which opens with a Keystone comedy film of expectation, is followed by George and Lilly Garden with the same old xylophone act and then appear a cluster of vulgarities billed as "The Hippodrome Four." By inference and directly, many of their jokes are simply nasty, and aside from that, the four have no excuse for being on the stage. Wormwood's animal act is much the same as all other dog and monkey acts, except for the performance of his star canine, and the Siantons, "Droll Dafydills," if the program is to be believed, are just as sad a mess as ever. The "Forbidden Song," a rehash from "The Chimes of Normandy," recently played by local talent, adds nothing thrilling to the program except in the case of one or two soloists whose work is always excellent.

In the vaudeville race this week, it is hard to tell who came in last, Mr. Beck or Mr. Loew, but whoever is in front, wins only by a nose.

ELKS' SHOW SUCCESS

The Elks' minstrel show opened on Thursday night before an audience that filled the Salt Lake theatre and one which greatly enjoyed the singing, dancing, stage settings and everything but the jokes. The bright particular stars of the organization are Mrs. R. M. Austin and Mrs. Kathryn Fitzpatrick Atkins, whose songs were the leading features of the first part of the big show.

The late Mr. Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" was played at the theatre early in the week by the members of the University of Utah Dramatic club. The production was more pretentious than any of the many which this organization has attempted, and while an amateur performance and not due for serious criticism, several of those in the

cast gave signs of considerable ability in a dramatic way. H. B. Maw as Consul Bernick was not among these however.

Everybody was happy at the Elks' minstrel show until that quartette pulled "When You and I were Young, Maggie." What do you mean—Maggie?

OH, JOHN!

Mr. John S. McCune Critchlow, late of our beautiful city, contributes the following, which was recently retailed at the Family club:

A colored woman called to her small boy: "Onyx, Onyx, come here." A stranger said: "Why, what a peculiar name for a boy, especially a jet black one. How did you come to call him that?" "Why, you see, suh, dis boy's father died some time afore dis chile was bo'n, and he was so onexpected I jes called him Onyx."

First Lawyer—Does his cause look good to you? Second Lawyer—No, but his effects do.—Town Topics.

"Money talks, I tell you, money talks." "Yes, I know it does. I married money."—Washington Star.

"Was the car crowded you came in on?" "Not very. I had a strap all to myself."—Boston Transcript.

The Infidel—Learn to be a Christian? No, no! Chinese never learn to shoot good 'nough to be Christian.—Life.

"He is a man who never wishes anybody ill."

Salt Lake Theatre

Cort & Pyper, Lessees

3 Nights, Beginning Thurs., Dec. 17, Mat. Sat.

THE
YELLOW
TICKET

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